The Liberalist

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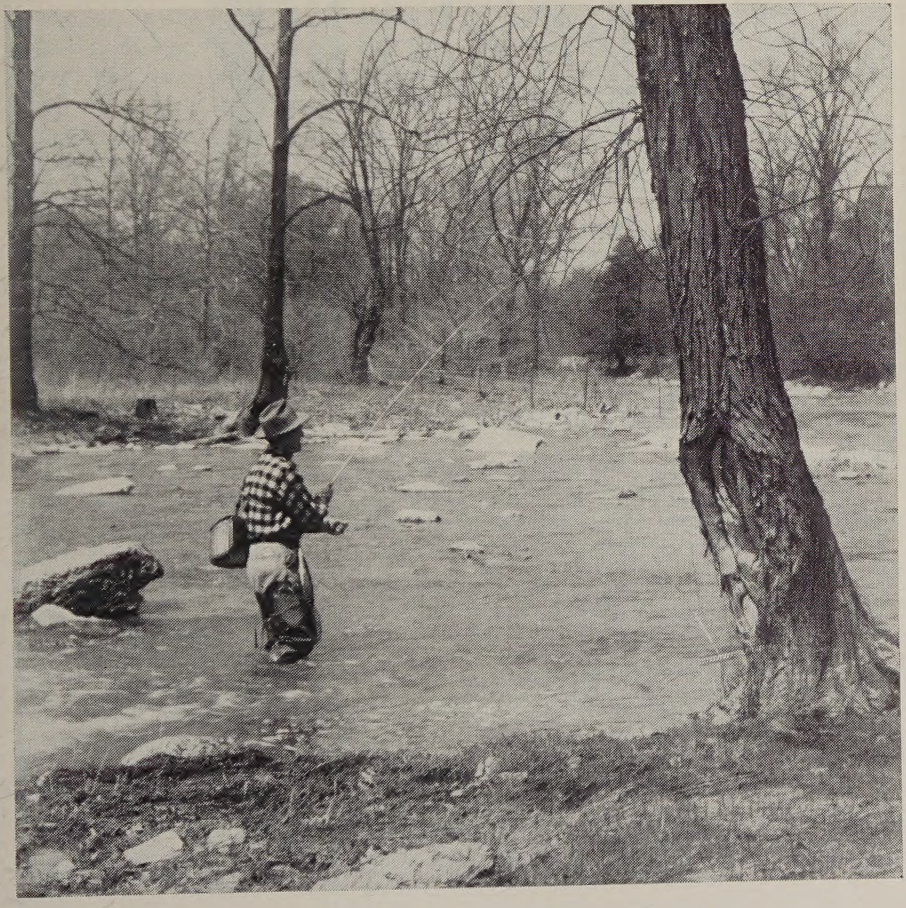
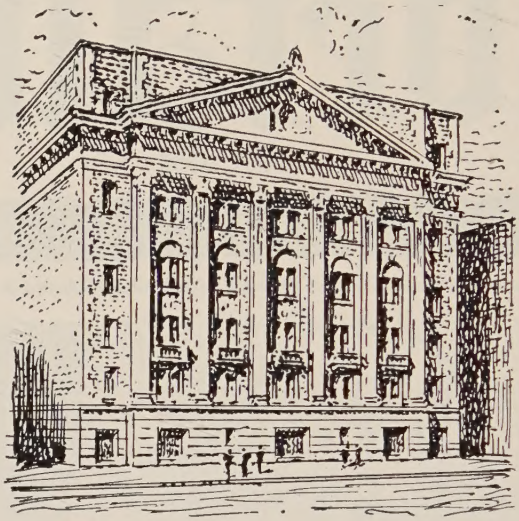


. . . it's not so much how far you go
As how much you see.
It's not so much how much you see
As how much you learn
From what you see.
It's not so much how much you learn
As how much you do
With what you learn
From what you see
As you go
Wherever you are trying
To go.

—Don Blanding



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

14 June

IN our July number I wrote of our closing Sunday of my 43rd year! Two days after our closing — my thoughts are still in a reminiscent mood. Why have these 43 years passed so quickly? In fact, this immediate past year has seemed like a day. The old explanation is that as we grow older time passes more quickly. I don't think this is the whole answer. The reason is deeper than merely growing older. The more vivid the memories of the years remain, the *less* time seems to matter. I can span sixty years in a split second as a boyhood memory returns. The same is true of five, twenty or thirty years ago. Old friends and loved ones, through our memories, bridge every chasm of time. Thank God for the memories! And now the summer is before us! May the presence of the Divine Love be in all of our hearts "while we are absent one from the other."

16 June

Had my last commencement for this season tonight in the High School Auditorium of Kalamazoo, Michigan. I have had a very busy time with my commencements this year. There were several more than in previous years. Apart from the congregation in our own church I enjoy speaking at commencements more than any other type of engagement. I have never spoken to a graduating class without a feeling of inspiration and encouragement for myself. Sometimes I have a feeling of "What's the use?" in speaking to adults, but never when addressing young people. Every class seemed to say to me this year, "Don't be downhearted about the future. We are on our way and we will not let you down." And they mean what they say.

Tonight I had the largest class of the season—more than 600 youngsters. This was larger than the class of Rochester, Minnesota, where nearly 5,000 people attended the commencement in the beautiful Mayo Clinic Memorial Auditorium.

I was delighted this evening when arriving at the High School to have my little nephew, Judson Lind, run up to my car and greet me. Parked across the street and waiting for my arrival was my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, my niece, Mrs. Carl Lind, and another niece, Mrs. Al Lind, together with my nephew, Preston Bradley Lind. They had driven from Linden to Kalamazoo to spend a little while with me, the only opportunity I would have to see them before sailing for Europe. Their coming enabled "P. B." to get as far as Kalamazoo, where he joined me for a few days' holiday at Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion. I was overjoyed in seeing them and after the commencement we visited for a long time. I performed the marriage ceremony for my sister and her husband, R. V. Judson, in 1914; I christened their two daughters, Jean and Roseann; I married both the daughters, and I christened the two sons of Roseann and Carl Lind—one of whom is going through life carrying my name —Preston Bradley Lind. So life goes on! As the shadows of my own life lengthen, the love given me by those who are so dear to me brings a golden glow which the shadows cannot erase. How beautiful to know that love is ageless and timeless.

17 June

Left for the little island tonight at

6:30 p.m. on the comfortable Northwestern train — the Duluth-Superior Limited. June brought "P. B." and me to the depot. Our deep regret is she cannot go with us, but her school is not closed until the 24th of June. She is coming up in ten days.

18 June

Arrived at "Arden" about 12:30 p.m. Ray Landmark met us in Duluth this morning at 7:30 a.m. He and Myrtle, his wife, look after Black Duck Island all the year 'round and love it as much as we do. The island is 100 miles north of Duluth, Minnesota. It is most precious to us. It has been our only home for nearly forty years. We love it more and more as the years come and go.

We were greeted on the dock by Myrtle and Topper, the excited and much-loved dog, who tried to express her welcome in the true emotional style which all dogs project when someone they love comes back into their life. The island was filled with the spirit of welcome. The century-old pines, the balsam, the delicate birch, the evergreens, the pine-swallows, the golden warblers, the cedar-waxwings, the robins, the song-sparrows and the black-throated green warblers all were singing their welcome. Before going into the house I walked down the back path to my little Skippy's grave—Ray had constructed an appropriate small concrete monument with his name and date of his death. The agony of that experience on that September day two years ago, when I placed him in a velvet-lined box and buried him under a beautiful pine tree on the island he loved and roamed! Myrtle had placed his aluminum water-dish over his grave, filled it with dirt, and a beautiful petunia plant was growing in it. I stood at the grave a moment and then back to the house, remembering what it was like to have known the love of a little dog for nearly 14 years. If you think me maudlin or sentimental about a dog I do not feel angry with you. I just pity you!

Everywhere I turn tonight there are memories! How wonderful it is that I have them!

29 June

Today is Jimmie's birthday! What a day it always was here at "Arden"! June arrived yesterday with her Mother, Mrs. B. W. Haslet, for the summer. Her presence has always brought happiness to us all. What a pity I have to be on my way. June took "P.B." and me to the bus station in Virginia and at 4:15 this afternoon I was on my way to Europe, almost regretting that I ever planned to be away even for a short time. I had committed myself to speak at the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland, Manchester College, Oxford, Golder's Green Church in London and our churches in Belfast and Dublin, Ireland. It is too late now to change my plans. I almost wish I could. It was not easy to leave but the time will soon pass. A pleasant two-hour bus ride to Duluth and at 8:15 we were Chicago-bound.

30 June

Enjoyed speaking today to an interesting group of men and women who are in Chicago from all over the United States and represent the Lincoln Insurance Company. Arrived at 9:15 this morning, put "P. B." on a Grand Trunk train and I arrived at the Palmer House just in time to meet my 10:30 a.m. appointment for my address. A most appreciative and responsive audience.

3rd July

A Sunday in Chicago and I did not preach! Seemed strange. Unusually hot day! It seemed worse after the comfortable weather at the island. Listened to myself by transcription at 11:00

o'clock over WJJD — an address I made over a month ago. It didn't sound like me at all. It was an interesting experience. Never left the house all day. For the first time in my life I packed and left my home without one member of my family present to say "Goodbye!" Our faithful housekeeper, Mae Duffy, was the only person to send me on my way. Circumstances made the situation inevitable and unavoidable, but it was rather difficult for a sentimental codger like me.

At 6:45 p.m. I left our home, with two suitcases, bound for Europe. Before boarding my New York Central train, I had to speak in the Grand Ballroom of the Palmer House at the Sixth Annual International Convention of the Dale Carnegie Club International, where a great honor was conferred upon me. Miss Smalley told me after the address, and as I said "Goodbye," she would tell you all about it in a special article in this August Liberalist.

4th July

Did you ever spend the Fourth of July on a train? I did today and if I can help it I never will do it again. What a Fourth! As we passed through towns, villages and cities, we saw everywhere people in parades, holding exercises, crowding the highways, all exhibiting the traditional spirit of America's birth of freedom—but not on a train! It might just as well have been the 4th of January.

It was 100° in New York when I arrived tonight at 6:30 p.m. Went immediately to the historic Algonquin Hotel. I was able to secure a ticket to see "Inherit the Wind"—the play starring Paul Muni and based upon the Scopes trial in Tennessee. Ed. Negley was a remarkable William Jennings Bryan, while Muni's characterization of Clarence Darrow was almost faultless. Being familiar with the trial and the people in it, the play had an especial appeal for me.

5th July

How hot can New York City become and have anybody survive? It was unbearable all day. Only because of some minor shopping needs did I leave the air-conditioned Algonquin for a few minutes today. Talked to June today by way of long-distance at Tower —nearly 1700 miles away. Glad to hear her voice as clearly and naturally as though she were speaking from the next room. It helped. Tonight saw "Tea House of the August Moon," and forgot the blistering heat! A play I wish everyone could see. I received many ideas from last night's play and the one tonight. How fortunate the people of New York are to have plays like these! Every legitimate theatre in Chicago is closed as I write. What's the matter with Chicagoans anyway? No theatre, no opera, a minimum of TV and radio. We had the movies, TV, radio, the publishing business, all in our hands once. There are 38 fine theatres with good plays open in London, and 20 in New York, but Chicago has nothing except the summer theatres with their old Broadway successes and imported stars. Chicago needs a revival of the arts, especially the creative, living, dynamic experimental theatre. It will come!

6th July

Sailing day at last! Yesterday I went down to see the "Queen Mary," the "Mauretania," the "United States," the "Parthia" and the "America." They were all in dock. I have sailed on them all except the "Parthia" and the "America." Last night about 11:30 p.m. my brother-in-law, Russell Judson, called me from La Guardia Airport. A few hours before I had talked with my sister at Linden, Michigan, and she said nothing about

his flying to New York to bid me Bon Voyage. How glad I was to hear his voice. He was here at the Algonquin with me last evening and at 9:30 this morning went with me to the "Queen Mary." Stepping out of the hotel elevator last night, carrying a parcel, I hit my wrist against the elevator door, breaking my watch crystal. But for his going out this morning and finding a jewelry store open at 9:00 o'clock, I would have left for Europe with no crystal in my watch! Just before leaving for the ship he returned with the watch in perfect condition.

The usual excitement prevailed on the pier and aboard the ship which is always present on a sailing day. Ship farewell parties, tearful goodbyes and jollity mingled together. It is all fascinating to me. At exactly 12:00 noon the ship's siren announced we would momentarily be pulling away from the pier. I always get as far up in the bow and as high on the ship as passengers are permitted to be when I sail. It is a never-forgotten experience to be a passenger on a great ocean liner as she slowly, almost at first imperceptibly begins to move—5,000 miles of water before you! The majestic "Queen Mary," as stately, dignified and proper as any queen, backed out into the Hudson. The tugs on her bow and stern turned her bow toward the Atlantic. The farewell salutes were exchanged and we were under way with her prow turned toward the open sea and the Old World. We passed the Statue of Liberty—that great lady of freedom—soon we said "Goodbye" to our pilot—passed the Ambrose Lightship into the eternal rhythmic swells of the great Atlantic.

10th July

This is our fourth day at sea! Tomorrow morning at 8:30 we will disembark at Cherbourg, France, on our way to Switzerland. Of all the many crossings I have made of this restless, tireless Atlantic, this crossing is the smoothest and the most agreeable. One has to look out to sea to realize we are underway.

The second day we left the Atlantic heat behind. People are wearing light topcoats on deck and the deck stewards wrap them snugly in warm woolen steamer rugs as they snooze or read in the steamer chairs on open deck.

There are many passengers on board bound for the 50th Anniversary of the International Baptist Conferences being held next week in London. I never met so many preachers—white and colored—but I am carefully avoiding any theological discussions. They are a congenial traveling group.

We have 3,600 people on this ship—1,000 of whom are members of the crew. A small city!

This morning I attended Divine Service at 11:00 o'clock in the grand salon. The Captain — with whom I have crossed the Atlantic in three different ships—Captain Sorrell, read the Anglican service, effectively and worshipfully! The beautiful and spacious room was completely filled. On the Cunard Line the Captain always takes the service and no sermon is given.

Accompanying me is the Rev. Dr. William Clyde Donald, pastor of the Bethel E. & R. Church, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is his first ocean and European trip and I have been unusually interested in seeing his reactions and hearing his impressions of the ship, the ocean and the passengers. I well remember the thrill of my first ocean voyage. Being with someone on their first trip is a renewing and refreshing experience for me. I felt this deeply when June came with me on her first ocean experience.

(*Continued on page* 13)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

I HAVE never known young people to be so receptive as they are now. And I have never known them to possess any finer quality. I speak of those who are in academic work—those I have been meeting in commencement classes all over the country.

As to the juvenile delinquent, I would have you not forget that in spite of all you and I hear and read about and see, the juvenile delinquent is only 3% of the sum total of American youth. Ninety-seven percent of all youth never have any kind of a record or get into trouble. I am interested at the moment in this 97% who never become juvenile delinquents.

I've never had young people come up to me after a commencement and look into my face and talk more seriously or with as much concern as they do now. Why this unprecedented concern? I think I can come very close to the answer.

When I came out of high school there was something called time. If a person got under way and made good and gave evidence of just beginning an effective, successful life by the time he was 30 or 31, he was considered as doing pretty well.

The tempo of our modern life has accelerated to such a velocity that no young man can afford to dissipate one ounce of his physical, spiritual or intellectual energy. This world will not wait for him now. He must be under way before he's 30—even before he's 25.

I happen to believe that in the next 15, certainly the next 20 years in the history of this world and of this country, decisions will be made around which will revolve the next thousand years. It is a tremendously sobering, dignifying thought to realize that you're going to be a part of those next twenty years and that you are going to be a decisive factor in the decisions. And the youth who are coming out of Chicago's schools and colleges and universities are beginning to realize that age doesn't matter now—not at all.

We are all in the same boat; the young and the old; whatever happens to youth is going to happen to me. So we should be working together more today than we have ever done before, because we share a common destiny.

Twenty years is a pretty short time, but I think that's all the time we have. I think we're either going to meet the responsibility of diplomatic leadership,

of international amity, of international brotherhood and understanding, and create a co-operative world, or we're going to wind up in some mighty cataclysm that will take us a thousand years to crawl back again into decency and to dignity. So I say to our youth:

I want you to do better than I and my generation did. I want you to have more courage; I want you to have more faith. I don't want you to be afraid to think for yourselves and to think through. I don't want you to be tyrannized by criticisms. I don't want you to be defeated or to think that the day of the pioneer is past.

More things are going to break forth for this old world in the next 20 years than the man of today with the finest imagination can ever dream about. Don't you let anything happen to those dreams!

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCAST

During the summer months, until Sunday, September 18, Dr. Bradley will be heard every Sunday morning over WJJD at 11 o'clock, in a fifteen-minute sermon. From September 18, the regular broadcast will be resumed from 11:00 to 12:00 noon.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. BRADLEY

A FEW years ago Mr. Carl I. Henrikson passed on, in California. He was a fine and gentle soul, and had been President of the Friends of Literature following the death of his wife, who preceded him as President of the F. of L.

In going through the files I came across the following poem which he had sent to Dr. Bradley, marking the folder "Birthday Greetings to Dr. Preston Bradley, from Carl I. Henrikson, August 18, 1948. 'As One Rebel to Another.' "

On the left-hand side of the folder Mr. Henrikson had written the following:

"In pioneering through uncharted fields of thought, the seeker after the good, the true and the beautiful frequently finds himself 'at odds' with things, as though the world were out of joint and there were no answers to his cries in the wilderness. In this mood of frustration he recognizes a choice between surrender before the tidal wave of standardization and a 'going it alone' with brave assertions of individuality. He suddenly realizes that he is a rebel —not in a political but in a psychological sense—a rebel against prevailing injustices, the euphemisms of hypocrisy, and the deadening platitudes of mediocrity. C.I.H."

THE REBEL

By Carl I. Henrikson

(Reprinted in tribute to Dr. Bradley in honor of his birthday, August 18, 1955.)

Deep down in his heart he's a rebel;
It irks him to meekly conform.
When the mad lightnings flash
And the loud thunders crash
He gambles his life in the storm.

Deep down in his heart he's a rebel;
To tyrants he never has bowed.
Alone on his way
Up the stream all the day,
He elbows the surge of the crowd.

Deep down in his heart he's a rebel;
He fights shy of labels and brands;
He prays his own prayers,
He shouts his own wares
To let the world know where he stands.

Deep down in his heart he's a rebel;
He is led by the lure of his dreams;
Conventions and laws
Seem so freighted with flaws,
He seeks newer worlds for his themes.

Deep down in his heart he's a rebel;
He believes in his star and his goal;
But whenever his trust
Finds a cause that is just,
He serves with the strength of his soul.

(1948)

"MAKING OLD AGE GLORIOUS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, June 5, 1955

OF THE many people in this country, in many fields of thought and study, who are giving great attention to this problem of growing old, few of them speak with greater authority than Dr. Martin Gumbart. He is really an authority on this problem of meeting life in terms of maturity. He recently published an article in the *Christian Herald* which later was picked up by the *Reader's Digest*. The current issue of the *Reader's Digest* gives a very adequate and satisfactory resume of what Dr. Gumbart has to say about meeting the problem of growing old. There is nothing startlingly new in what he has to say about it, but he does clothe it in language which has the element of surprise as well as the element of familiarity.

Every little while someone says to me, "Well Doctor, you're getting along too!" And I say: "Yes, I'm getting along, quite a way along!" I realized the other night, when I was speaking to a group of students in Oklahoma, that my own graduation from high school took place just fifty years ago the 26th day of this month—fifty years ago I was graduated from a high school! Now that's half a century—and that is a long time! I'm quite conversant with the fact that these years are going on! Well, I don't know—perhaps they just stand still! Perhaps we are the ones who go on. Time really doesn't have any movement—time and space are both fixed factors in the cosmos! Perhaps we are the things, the institutions, that change and go on.

In my pastoral work from day to day, I have the opportunity of talking with a great many people who have lived a long, long time and occasionally I run into a person who hasn't lived as long as I have, yet they feel they are in the category of "old age," and I don't like that very well! You know, this matter of age is both chronological and psychological. The chronological age is the age we count. You say: "I'm 65. I'm 70. I'm 80. I'm 83." That is the chronological record, but there is a psychological age too, and very rarely is a person the same age psychologically that he is chronologically! So I think when we try to designate life in terms of chronology we are not doing the right thing! Of course there comes a time when people are very proud of their age. They may be very sensitive about it for quite a few years! Then, after a while, when they get to be 80 or 85, they boast about it! You meet them and they'll say with glee: "I'm 80! I'm 84!", and they will actually boast about it! Well now, they're talking about chronological age. And very rarely do I meet people in which the chronological age and the psychological age synchronize or are the same thing! I meet people who have lived 80 years who are psychologically 60 and 50; I meet people who are chronologically 50 who are psychologically 80; I meet people, sometimes who are 30 chronologically and they're about 60 psychologically. And I think when we come to this talk about age it is well for us to think of the difference between the chronological age and psychological age!

I heard the other day of a woman

who has the secret! Someone said to her: Oh, I wish I could grow old like you do! And you know what she replied? She said: "Listen, my dear, there isn't any such thing as growing old, for when you *stop* growing, you *are* old!" When you *stop* growing you *are* old! One of the great proclivities of maturity is that people, when they realize they may be doing certain things for the last time, do fewer and fewer things for the first time. I realize that every day I live there is one day less to live, but I can overcome the defeat of my own spirit by refusing to think that I am doing some things for the last time, and by realizing there are a lot of things I've never yet done, that I am going to do for the first time! Now there's a philosophy for you! And if any of you people feel that you're getting old, and it's about over, I would recommend to you that, in spite of your infirmity, you change your emotional outlook! It is more important than medicine; it's more important than diets; it's more important than sleep; it's more important than any other thing connected with maturity. Change your emotional attitude toward life! And one of the things that will help change your emotional attitude toward life is for you to achieve an interest in things that may never have commanded your interest before. Start out to find something new to do! If you've played Bridge all your life, why not learn Canasta? If you've gotten into a rut and you've done something all your life the same way at the same time at the same hour, get up some morning and say: "Sure, I may be 80 years old, but I'm going to do things differently today!" You know what will happen to you? It will change your whole psychology in an hour! You won't know yourself!

I called on a woman yesterday who is a member of this church and will remain nameless. She's 83 years old, and I said to her: "Why, you don't change at all!" And she said: "Why should I? I am more interested in life today than I have ever been!" And she said: "Do you know, I'm planning to fly to Vienna to hear some music this summer!" And she said: "I go down to hear the orchestra Thursday nights and if I like the program I go again Friday afternoon! Perhaps I hear the same thing twice every week! I'm reading the finest things that I can get hold of!" That woman is 83 years old and she's going to fly over to Vienna! And I looked at her and I said: "Isn't that a wonderful philosophy of life!" "Why," she said, "Dr. Bradley, I don't know that I'll even *listen* to you tomorrow about old age!" Why, I think that's beautiful!

Now what do I mean about changing your emotional attitude toward life? I mean that as life matures we ought not to permit trivia to disturb us; we ought to banish anger; we ought to be less and less concerned about what people say; we ought not to be tyrannized by the little trivial things that command so much of our energy. Changing our whole emotional attitude will transfer the chemistry of the body! And it isn't a theory any longer that thoughts are things—thoughts are things, and thoughts have chemical power! Thoughts have chemical power to influence every molecule and every atom in your physical being! A thought can give you a heart condition; a thought can develop the tendency toward arthritis; a thought can open up a door, because our physical structures are such that unless we give them all of the mental, constructive, creative attitude possible, we are only committing suicide, though we don't know it! We are permitting ourselves to be destroyed by our own emotional and mental attitudes! And there is never

a time of limitation on changing that condition; whether you're 80 or 90 it can be done! I know a school teacher —not a school teacher you think I'm talking about—but I know a school teacher who, at the ripe old age of 65 —and I just simply revolt when people talk about 65 as being a "ripe old age"! That's why I'm opposed to this whole program in industry of setting an age limit on anybody, man or woman; as long as a person can do the work honestly and well, the chronological age of that person ought not to make any difference at all! And this idea of sending people out at 65 and 60 and calling them "incapacitated" for business is utter rot! A person ought to just get under way about 65! I did—just began to get under way at 65! And this teacher, at 65, was retired! She was a teacher of Spanish in a high school, and she was the most miserable person you ever saw and she was deteriorating; she was losing her intellectual interest; she was losing everything until, finally, a very wise and a very astute travel agent said to her one day: "You know, for your health, I think you ought to take a trip down to Mexico City!" And he planned a little trip for her to Mexico City. She went to Mexico City and for the first time in her life as a teacher of Spanish and as a Spanish student, she was able to talk with natives and with people in their own language! She got so inspired that she came back to Chicago and she organized trips to Latin America and to Mexico. She's 72, and I think she'll be going strong at 85! Now there was a woman who found an interest in life, who didn't sit down and think about yesterday or what happened in the past, but who sought an interest in life, trying something that she had never done before!

Now I seldom use the word "age," as you know, and I frequently talk about "maturity" as a substitute for "age," and I think that "maturity" is the right word to use! I do not revolt about these years, or against them! I am glad for every year that comes; I am glad for the fine distillation of better judgment that comes with maturity; I am glad for every privilege of living in a world where I am seeing, constantly, the introduction of new techniques for living life beautifully and living it well! I greet the unknown, and I am not afraid of the unseen! I'm looking straight into the sunset and I'm quite aware of that, but that sunset is beautiful, and I am more interested in tomorrow than I am in yesterday and I want to find increasingly new enthusiasms! A lot of people get old because they lose their enthusiasm! I like grandmothers who don't act their age! And I like old people who don't act old! And acting old is a matter of emotional control, and spiritual beauty and interest in your fellowmen! You can't be a critic; you can't hate; you can't lie about people; you can't do these things without growing old! And the youngest people I know are the people who have spiritual poise and spiritual equilibrium—*they* are the youngest people I know! Luther Burbank, at 77, said in one of his lovely books: "I never walk through the desert, I never walk through a garden, that I don't try to find a plant or a flower whose name I don't know—and then I try to classify that unknown plant!" That was Luther Burbank's secret for being young—when all the world, chronologically, said he was old!

Now do you want to make me still younger? (There are a lot of people who think I ought to be older, but I'm going to keep, chronologically, about 30 for the next 25 or 30 years! And I'm going to be more interested in the future and young people and the problems of the world than I've ever been!)

Do you know how you can do it, and help in this church? Everyone of you who came into the service this morning was handed an envelope and in that envelope is a little card. May I see how many envelopes and how many cards there are? Will you please hold them up? Everybody who has an envelope and a card, will you please hold them up—let me see them, like a snow storm! Put them 'way up high! Why, that's just a wave of them—go ahead wave them, that's the old Chautauqua salute! Now do you know why those cards were given to you? Because of an opportunity that we want you to have to help keep me young and to help keep our church growing and developing! We've got to have money to meet our obligations—$7,000 on the first day of July! We've got to have our summer fund, our expenses continue—we've got to do all these things, and we have nowhere to go except to the people—nowhere! We're not endowed—we haven't a dollar of endowment! We only have to go to you, whom we are trying to help, for our help. Will you sign your name on this card and will you say: "Dr. Bradley, and the Peoples Church, I can give $10 this summer; I can give $25 this summer! I want to make a summer contribution that our philanthropic work may continue!" We have help to give to children; we have milk to buy this summer; we are helping out some old age pensions; we have our expenses to meet, and we have nobody to ask but you! Now while our choir sings and you have the opportunity, you write your name on this envelope and you put it in the basket and you make a contribution and a pledge for our summer fund! Will you do that? If you will, when I get back in the fall, you will have a preacher in the pulpit whose psychological age is about 35 and we'll begin a great year together!

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 6)

Perhaps some reader will recall the brilliant address which Dr. Donald gave at my 40th Anniversary observance. When he was attending Northwestern University he tells me he used to come often to our services. I preached his own installation sermon when he was installed some years ago in his Milwaukee church. Of all the clergymen aboard he is the only one I know and I am grateful for his presence.

I am writing this in the late afternoon. The sun is sinking into the Atlantic. It is about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon on the little island—so far away! The sky is beautiful, the sea is calm, and as we near the French coast, the land swell is beginning. I shall be up at daylight in the morning. There will be much ship traffic as we near the entrance to the English Channel. The coast of France will be shimmering in a July morning. Not far away is the Normandy coast. Our President is in Switzerland tonight. We shall be there on Wednesday. All Europe is hopeful. All the world is expectant.

Now, I must go below and pack, then dinner and early to bed for tomorrow we will be in Europe again.

With a prayer for those we left at home, we greet old friends on this side of the Atlantic.

BOOK CHATS

DURING the summer months we like to keep our readers informed of special privileges extended by the Chicago Public Library. The Library is sponsoring a Vacation Reading Jamboree during July and August for children between the ages of 6 and 12.

The program is entitled "Join the Explorers' Club—Earn Your Flag." The children may register at any of the neighborhood libraries. Even though they are leaving for a vacation they may join.

They may choose their books from the following list of books, based on American Heritage:

Indian Trails
The Family Next Door
Four Legs and a Tail
Brave Young Land
America Sings
All Kinds of People
Those Who Dared
Tall Tale America
Wagons Westward

Branch libraries will hold round-table meetings at which time the children will discuss the books they are reading. One meeting attended and one book reported on will put the participant's name and the name of his school on the club bulletin board which will be displayed in the library.

Upon completion of the club requirements, when six books have been reported on either orally or in writing, each participant will have earned his flag and a reading certificate.

Any further information may be obtained from the Children's Department of the Chicago Public Library.

We hope that some of the parents and children saw the exhibit during July of 100 paintings and drawings made by children in 35 foreign countries which were exhibited in the Randolph Street corridor of the Chicago Public Library, through the courtesy and co-operation of the Junior Red Cross.

The exhibit was for the purpose of helping to open windows for world understanding, through having children of different countries exchange their paintings and drawings with each other. Children in foreign countries exchanged paintings with children living in the United States, and in this way it was hoped they would discover that people are much the same the world over.

This program of art exchange began in 1947, when the American and the Canadian Junior Red Cross joined forces to send school art abroad, and to receive art from Junior Red Cross Sections of other national societies. Each year since, the number of pictures sent abroad and the number of countries participating has increased sharply.

Keep in touch with the library programs. While the children are out of school they can become acquainted with many windows through which to look at new and strange scenes at their Chicago Public Library.

* * *

It occurs to me that you might enjoy for summer reading the novel by Lowell M. Greenlaw, titled *Georgia Faye,* the story of an American family. It is a story that begins in central Illinois in the 1880's, and covers fifty years in Chicago—a story of happy family life and a portrayal of the times.

Dr. John W. Wayland, who served for years as professor of history at Madison College, Harrisburg, Va., is an eminent historian, thoroughly familiar with the Harrison family in the famed Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and elsewhere, and is the author of numerous historical books, many of which are used for textbooks has this to say of *Georgia Faye:*

"In these times when we are bombarded with schemes for interplanetary jaunts, and literature is being drowned in a sea of fiction, it is refreshing to find a book that is alive with entertaining fact, pertaining to interesting people in interesting places, some of the latter at and near home, others far away.

"Georgia Faye is such a book. Georgia Faye Harrison, of the Rockingham County, Va., Harrisons, is the central figure of the story, and the author is her husband, Lowell M. Greenlaw, named for the old music master, Lowell Mason, whose stately hymn-tunes have been familiar in our homes and churches for generations."

In the book one follows the author, Georgia Faye and their talented daughter Shirley, on numerous tours not only in this country, but in London, Paris, Vienna and many other historic cities abroad.

This is the story of an average American family, set down without embellishment as a straightforward narrative, with some backward glimpses which are necessary to illuminate the present.

The author retired from the Pullman Company in 1950, as vice president and general counsel. He had been with that company for 42 years. His book is the story of Georgia Faye Greenlaw, who was born in 1883 and died in 1949. Her philosophy of life was: "Papa said to never look down on one who is less fortunate, and don't look up to those who are more fortunate."

The book is an intensely personal document of a man who deeply loved and admired his wife. It deals with life in America, among the Harrison and Greenlaw families, and with holiday journeys to other countries. It is a warmly human record, has authenticity and integrity; is biography and valuable social history. It portrays dramatically seven decades of the great American cavalcade.

The book moves from small-town life in central and southern Illinois in the 1880's to robust, booming Chicago, troubled with corruption and filled with achievement just after the turn of the century. The story crosses many states, as over a checkerboard, uniquely portrays life in America, then assumes broader scope in Europe and other places beyond this nation's borders.

Georgia Faye was devoted to her home, liked people, music, books and travel. A deep humility tempered her worldliness and sophistication — the products of her extensive travel and artistic interests—and she never once forgot her home town of Morrisonville, Illinois, nor the turbulent Chicago she knew so well and loved. Her life was a powerful influence for good on all who knew her.

Readers will long remember the vivid accounts of experiences in crossing the Atlantic repeatedly, reaching eastward as far as Prague and Vienna in the 1930's; westward to Honolulu, northward to Fairbanks and to Edinburgh. Stories of the three homes in Tennessee and of Thanksgiving parties there are highlights.

Because there are light, frivolous moments, moments of warm remembrances and spiritual inspiration, and an underlying current both serious and informative pertaining to Chicago's

growth during the last half century, to Chicago's churches and those of foreign lands, to history connected with places visited, and to important business and railroad activities through the two world wars, you will find *Georgia Faye* pleasant summer reading.

Two years before her death, Georgia Faye had copied in her diary this poem by Miriam Clark Potter, clipped from the Ladies' Home Journal of September, 1947:

Lineage

And sometimes when I have become
A quiet portrait on the wall,
Will you, my fair descendant, stop
To think of me at all?

Suppose your hands are shaped like mine—
You have my nutmeg sense of fun—
Will there be one to tell you so
There, when my days are done?

If you love books, and fires, and songs,
And slipper moons on lilac skies,
Toss me a look of shared delight
From those, my own dark eyes;

For there is kinship in a curl,
And keepsake in a spoken name,
And wine of life may yet be poured
By hands within a frame.

* * *

Now just in case, in spite of the fact it is vacation time and the weather is warm, you wish to do something about getting yourself "straightened out" and ready to progress this fall, you might be glad to read *Emotional Problems and What You Can Do About Them,* by William B. Terhune, M.D. The author is the Medical Director, Silver Hill Foundation, New Canaan, Connecticut, and Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry, Yale School of Medicine. He is a pioneer in the field of personal and public mental hygiene—and in re-educational therapy. He established in 1919 the first mental hygiene society connected with a state medical group in the United States. In 1934 he founded The Silver Hill Foundation, one of the country's most successful organizations for the care and treatment of, and research in, emotional disturbances. In addition to his work there, and a large private practice, Dr. Terhune is psychiatric consultant at several Connecticut hospitals and at Neurological Institute in New York.

In the last chapter there is "Your Mental Hygiene Creed." In case you cannot at the moment get the book, because perhaps you are away in some secluded vacation spot, here is the creed as published in Dr. Terhune's *Emotional Problems and What You Can Do About Them:*

1. I believe in God, and with His help I will make my life significant.
2. I will adapt to life immediately, completely and gracefully.
3. I will work, rest, exercise, play—every day.
4. I will work at a worth-while job.
5. I will avoid undue fatigue.
6. I will laugh more every day.
7. I will form good habits of living, thinking, acting, speaking and feeling.
8. I believe: that self-pity, suspicion, envy, jealousy and revenge, are useless sentiments. That loyalty, courage and kindness are dependable sentiments; in them I will put my trust.
9. I will discount harmful emotional urges, avoid emotional orgies, and keep away from emotionally undisciplined people.
10. I will face facts, discount my likes and dislikes, and cultivate an objective point of view.
11. I will know myself, accept my liabilities, and cultivate my assets.
12. I will make clear-cut decisions and abide by them. I will ask for counsel, and consider it without argu-

ment, but let *no one* make up my mind for me.

13. I do not expect to get precisely what I want in this world. I will not kick against the pricks of life. I expect trouble and have accepted inevitable difficulty, that I may be free to accept opportunity unhandicapped by a sense of difficulties.
14. I know that fear, anxiety and worry cannot hurt me. They threaten to destroy, but they possess no weapons other than the ones I give them. Even though afraid, anxious and worried, I shall continue with my usual activities, knowing that fear is the normal stimulus to courage.
15. I *choose* to see the good aspects and meanings of life. I do not deny that ugliness and evil exist; I do not overlook them, but having seen them *I choose to look for the good.*
16. I know and will help others to remember that humanity is a vast reservoir of love, courage, helpfulness, strength and ability. I shall draw on it without limit to help others and myself.

On a fly-leaf, preceding part one is this quotation from Rufus M. Jones, reprinted by his permission:

"Act with honesty and sincerity under all circumstances, meet everybody with an understanding mind as well as with trust and confidence, reveal a spirit of spontaneous and unfeigned love, and there will prove to be nearly nothing in the world that will successfully resist that impact."

Dr. Terhune's book is highly recommended to everyone who reads the above creed.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MANY of our members will remember dear Mrs. Reynolds, for so many years the only woman member of our Church Board, who served as President of our Woman's Club from 1926 to 1928 and again from 1933 to 1935. I remember well when the Business Woman's Club was forming and I was elected its first President, how she sat in the front row, at the organizational meeting, right under my very nose, to encourage me and keep me straight on the business of the meeting. She knew Roberts Rules of Order forward and backward, and I had only the vaguest idea of them.

I especially remember one year when she was attending the Annual Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. It was the Sunday preceding the week when she was to leave for the East. Someone asked her about the trip and in replying she said: "Oh, I just love to attend Conventions!" And I remember distinctly that I thought it strange, and I wondered what possible fun there might be in a Convention. It sounded like a very dry and dull sort of an affair to me then.

Well, I have just been through the Dale Carnegie Club International Convention, held here in Chicago at the Palmer House. This is its sixth annual Convention. I have attended all six and am now looking forward with great anticipation to next summer when their Convention will be held in Los Angeles. My own chapter is beginning to talk about saving up money for its Delegates. So it is all in the point of view and whether one is personally and emotionally involved in the group holding the Convention.

The membership of Dale Carnegie Club International consists of those who have graduated from the Dale Carnegie course. Taking the course is a prerequisite to joining D.C.C.I. I am very happy to have been a pioneer in this group, and to have been among those who helped put on the first Carnegie Convention here in Chicago in 1950. Our next Conventions were held in Milwaukee, Detroit, Kansas City, New York, and this year again in Chicago. After having attended all six I can now better appreciate Mrs. Reynolds' love for Conventions. We here in Chicago are already talking about our plans to attend next year's Convention in Los Angeles.

Conventions Improve Each Year

It has seemed to me that each Convention has been just a little better than the previous one. Because of being involved in the work of this one, much of it I missed, such as the speech contests and the workshops. However, I did get to attend the President's Luncheon, the Founder's Banquet and the Governor's luncheon. Also the opening meeting at which we heard the keynote address by Dr. Kenneth McFarland; a very splendid address on "Lamp Lighters." The main addresses were given by Dr. McFarland (Keynote Address), Mr. Percy H. Whiting, Managing Director, Dale Carnegie Sales Courses, an address at the Governor's luncheon, and by Dr. Preston Bradley, the Founder's Banquet address.

At every one of these meetings we had a packed house. Every one of the speakers was at his very best it seemed. So many said that never had we had a Convention where all of the speeches were so excellent.

The Founder's Banquet was held on Sunday evening, July 3rd, in the Grand Ballroom of the Palmer House. As I said before, the room was solidly packed with tables, at which were groups of ten. Seated at the speaker's table were members from the southern states, the western, the northern and the eastern—as well as representatives from Toronto, Ottawa and Victoria, B. C. The East Coast, the West Coast, the North, the South, the Mid-West, the South-West, the Rocky Mountain Region—all the country was represented, as well as Canada from the East to the West. The Star Spangled Banner and God Save the Queen were both sung at the opening. Strolling musicians went from table to table and played the various State and Country songs.

Mr. Osmond D. Kendall, of Ottawa, Canada, the International President for the past year, presided. The invocation was by the Very Rev. Patrick J. McPolin, of St. Jude Seminary, Momence, Illinois.

Mrs. Patricia Evans, head of the Mid-West Institute, at 28 E. Jackson Blvd., introduced Dr. Bradley in a very lovely manner. Mrs. Evans is much loved throughout the organization. Her school here in Chicago sponsors the Dale Carnegie Course. Some of our members will recall that about 5½ years ago Mrs. Evans gave to Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church 40

scholarships in an accelerated Carnegie Course, of which class I was a fortunate member. Mrs. Evans has been for the past year, President of the Sponsor's Association, composed of sponsors of the course throughout the world.

At the close of Dr. Bradley's address in which he stressed the need for defending everyone's right to his own belief, even though that one's belief might be entirely alien to our own, the entire audience stood up to pay him tribute. Never have I heard Dr. Bradley charm an audience more than he did Sunday night in the Grand Ballroom of the Palmer House. I was very proud to call him "my boss." Many Chicagoans there have made arrangements with me to visit our church in the fall.

Dr. Bradley Receives International Human Relations Award

At this point in the program, Mr. Warwick Angus, of Victoria, B. C. presented Dr. Bradley with the 1955 Dale Carnegie Club International Award for Outstanding Achievement in Human Relations; a beautiful bronze scroll which you will see hanging in the Church lobby when church opens on September 18th.

The main purpose of Dale Carnegie Club International is to improve Human Relations everywhere, and what finer exponent of that philosophy, on a world-wide basis, can we find anywhere than our own Dr. Preston Bradley.

Mr. Warwick Angus, who presented the award on behalf of the International, is a retired Carnegie sponsor who now, as a hobby, has sub-sponsors all across Canada.

It was a memorable Convention and Dr. Bradley was made very happy, just before leaving for his European trip, to receive the beautiful award, the meaning of which is very close to his heart.

It is fitting that we should tell about it in this, his birthday month. It came near enough to his birthday to be considered one of the loveliest of birthday gifts.

* * *

A pleasant "thank you" note is the first letter we take from the Mail Bag:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We wish to thank you for coming in the rain to autograph copies of your book while you were in Sturgis.

It is interesting to note that we sold more copies of "Happiness Through Creative Living" on the day you were here, and the following two days, than any other book we have ever had in stock.

We wish you continued success with "Happiness Through Creative Living."

Sturgis Office Supply Company,
N. C. Wait.

* * *

Every once in a while, Dr. Bradley receives a delightfully joshing letter from The Duke of Paducah, the well-known Wake of the News contributor and columnist in many, many papers throughout the state. Thought you might enjoy this:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Supplementing our nice chat Sunday, and thanks for a wonderful dicourse. Of course Peter was a super-letter-writer (far better than this writer could even imagine) but then Peter never enjoyed my proclivity of Negative Thinking.

During the service I kept wishing Biggar of Riverside could have been present. You could have settled one thing we often argue about, to-wit: Is there one jaunting car in all Ireland? You'll probably pass that off as a light thing—but is it?

(The Duke then suggests an idea for making people in church so nervous

they are liable to toss in a five-dollar bill instead of, as he says, the usual buck.)

Never mind sending me your new book for suggesting this idea, as I already have same, AND IT'S GREAT! Of course, I *could* use an orchid.

Sincerely yours,
The Duke of Paducah,

* * *

Dr. Bradley took part in the 50th Anniversary of the Country Church of the City, and received the following letter from the Rev. Benj. Will's son-in-law:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It certainly was a pleasure hearing you and meeting you at my father-in-law's 50th Anniversary ceremonies!

I've heard Dr. Will speak warmly of you so often. He thinks highly of you, Dr. Bradley—and I can surely see why.

Your message last evening was not only provocative and stimulating—but extremely interesting as well. You did a grand job, Dr. Bradley, and we of the Dr. Will's family are most grateful to you!

Thank you again for a superior and moving message . . . and continued success to you.

Sincerely,
Whitt Northmore Schultz.

P. S. We have another good mutual friend. He is Earl Nightingale.

* * *

Frank H. Keith, Chicago poet, frequently sends in a new poem to Dr. Bradley. The following is rather appropriate for Dr. Bradley's birthday month:

Say to yourself: these are my years—
  They must be tried and tasted;
They have a wealth for me, and I
  Must see they are not wasted . . .

Say to yourself: this is my life
  And I must proudly take it
To mold it with these hands and heart
  As great as I can make it!

—Frank H. Keith

And another:

The Great Things

Can beauty be crushed by a blindness?
  Can faith be fettered by fear?
Is hope bled white by frustration?
  Is Life a pawn to the spear?

Does liberty die in a prison?
  Does the future grow smaller each day?
Does love expire in the desert
  That remains when the loved is away?

No! brooks are not frozen forever!
  Spring lives in the root and the bark!
The great things, like stars in the heavens,
  Will always emerge from the dark!

—Frank H. Keith

* * *

Mr. C. Overell of our church is having a trip to England and Denmark, visiting several nephews in both countries. He reports a very grand time and much sight-seeing. He said he could not recognize anything when he left the station, but he did find his old home standing exactly as he remembered it. He was born in a place called Belham, on the outskirts of London, on the way to Epsom Downs. It is now a part of London. He said he had a nice trip over and hoped Doctor would have as good a crossing. He gave the following address: The Citadel, Thisted, Jutland, Denmark.

* * *

Mr. G. W. Burnell, who refers to himself as "Uncle George," writes some interesting things about his life as a boy in Chicago, in his two letters:

Dear Reverend:

May I have the pleasure of writing you to thank you for the splendid sermon you delivered today; not only today, but so many in the past. I always welcome the opportunity of hearing you. Now retired, on Old Age Pension, down at times with arthritis in my limbs, cannot put on my shoes and get about with a cane; have to keep going in order to get by. Wife and I

are getting on in years, Lillian is going on 76 and I am going on 86. We both enjoy our birthdays together October 2nd each year.

Am the first boy in Chicago who was a page boy to Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the famous merchant. Was a servant in their home for about five years, met a lot of very wealthy people, also many noted people in my time. Worked in the Field Stores for about 8 years.

Was brought up in the Reformed Episcopal Church (a branch of Bishop Cheney's Church). Bishop Cheney confirmed me, also preached the funeral sermon for my dear Mother. I came to this country in 1873 from England. Mother was born in Seven Oaks, Father in London. I was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London. Oldest of 11 children in our family. Parents both died at a rather young age. There are 3 of us still living, two sisters and myself.

Have sold lots of neckties in the stores on State Street, and was interested in your remarks regarding them. I, too, dreaded when a lady came and asked to see some of our best designs.

* * *

Dear Friend:

Enclosed find $2 cash, my contribution to your Church fund. Your sermon this morning was so inspiring to me. At the ripe old age of 85 and a half, I am active 5 days a week.

Up to March 10, 1947, I was able to do two men's work. First was Custodian of a church and a renovator of tenpins for a 16-lane bowling alley. I took ill and had a major operation performed at Michael-Reese Hospital; they removed a 34 oz. tumor from me. After 8 weeks in the hospital it took several months for me to get back a little of my former vitality.

My work now consists of feeding about a dozen hungry men in a factory across from my home. I get up about 7:30, have a light breakfast, then go to a bakery about two blocks from where I live for my sweet and plain rolls. My wife is a great help to me as she makes the coffee each day, although she is not so well; is troubled with arthritis and high blood pressure. At 75 and a half she bears up well.

I am able to earn $5 to $6 each week. This helps materially because I am on O.A.P. and do not receive enough to get along with.

May our Heavenly Father bless you and take good care of you during your summer trip abroad. You will visit close to where I was born, close to London, on the Surrey side of the Thames River, Camberwell.

Yours very truly,

G. W. Burnell.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Your book "Happiness Through Creative Living" is a very valued book in my library. Thank you for writing it.

The Lord used your book to set me straight in my thinking, and renew my confidence in people and myself. I will not admit that I had lost faith in God.

Having come through a very difficult time as PTA president, I turned to your book which had come into my possession through my book club, and your words of wisdom helped me to understand myself and others, so I can face the future without bitterness.

However, I do not wish to burden you with my problems, but only to ask permission to use quotes from your book in our PTA news letter sent monthly to members free of charge. I would like to write a series of articles on Parent Education for the term 1955-56.

Respectfully and gratefully yours,

Mrs. George Nikkel,

Alta Union Parent Teacher Association.

Reedley, California.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Address. State Round-Up. 4-H Clubs of Oklahoma. 2,000 young people. Stillwater, Okla.
Visit to A. & M. College Library. Four million dollar building.
Address. Stillwater Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, Chapter House.
2—Address. State Round-Up. 4-H Clubs of Oklahoma.
3—Address. Illinois Masonic School of Nurses, Scottish Rites Cathedral.
4—Sick Calls.
Cutting records, WJJD.
Wedding.
5—Broadcast Address. WBKB-TV 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
New members received.
Christenings.
Wedding.
Baccalaureate Address. Washington High School Auditorium, East Chicago, Indiana.
6—Commencement Address. Davenport Institute in Grace Episcopal Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
7—Commencement. Meadville Theological School, University of Chicago.
9—Commencement Address. Rochester High School, Mayo Clinic Auditorium (302 in class). Over 4,500 present.
10—100th Anniversary Address. Wataga Congregational Church.
11—Appointment concerning Fall TV Program.
12—Broadcast Address. WBKB-TV 7
Sermon. Peoples Church. Closing Service of 43rd Year.
13—Funeral.
Appointment concerning recordings to be made in Europe.
30—Address. Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.

JULY

2—Funeral.
Wedding.
3—Address. Founder's Banquet of Dale Carnegie Club International. After the address Dr. Bradley received the International Human Relations Award, presented by the International President, Mr. Osmond D. Kendall of Ottawa, Canada.

WEDDINGS

JUNE

4—Mildred L. DeBoer and John W. Earl.
5—Rita C. McCoy and Herman K. Doege.

JULY

2—Mrs. Elsie Louise Santo and Allen A. Shoup

FUNERALS

June

13—Charles Arthur Prentiss

July

2—Ernest A. Magnuson

15 - nora breitenstein
16 - arthur s. with

CHRISTENINGS

5—Marilyn Joy Haug, Dennis Owen Haug, Leonard Allen Haug, Kenneth Wayne Haug, Children of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Haug.
5—Marian Louise Hartnett (Adult Christening).
Dorothy Harwig Hauf (Adult Christening).
Scott Paul Smalley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smalley.
Ruth Hill Clickner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Clickner.

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received Into the Peoples Church Sunday, June 5, 1955

Mrs. Zoe Archer
Mr. and Mrs. William Austin
Mr. Ronald Austin
Mrs. Nellie Cale
Mrs. F. G. Gray
Merle R. Halderman
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Haug, of Wheaton, Illinois
Mr. Kenneth Haug, Wheaton, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Howe
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jacobs
Mr. Seymour Jacobs
Mr. William A. Larson
Mr. Charles K. McCullough
Mrs. Deana McCullough
Mr. Urabi Mustafa, from Third Unitarian Church
Dr. and Mrs. John J. Napier
Miss Bruce Rhinehart
Mrs. Grace Schmidt from Tabernacle Baptist Church
Mr. Herbert Steinke

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education
(Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD (Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Summer Broadcast by electrical transcription by WJJD.....11:00-11:15 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service (From the first Sunday in November until Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in November until the Wednesday of Holy Week).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opens in September. Meets every other Monday. For summer activities contact the Church Office or the Club Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, Corr. Sec., 1614 Ainslie Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-9146.....1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets the second Tuesday in each month. Opening meeting in October. Secretary, Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 25, Ill. EDgewater 4-5998.

Professional and Business Woman's Club,—Opens in September. Meets the second Tuesday of each month. Corr. Sec., Mrs. Peggy Noble, 930 W. Argyle St. (40), SUnnyside 4-7413..... 7:30 p.m.

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Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

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